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** To be delivered at the Theatre, GRATIS.

SONGS, &c.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD,

AND SUNG

By Mrs. HARLOWE;

K LOVE and MADNESS!

Or, The Two Noble Kinsmen.

At the Theatre Royal, Hay-Market,

Sept. 21, 1795.

When I strive my fond passion to hide,

And my fluttering heart bid be still;

When I call to my aid woman's pride,

To suppress an inordinate will;

Love's darts shoot like light'ning

Through every vein,

And the thrillings of pleasure

Soon banish my pain.

When I think how I love, without hope
That to love me he e'er will be mov'd;
When I hang my poor head like a mope,
And heave sighs in lone corners remov'd:
Love's darts shoot like light'ning
Through every vein,
And the thrillings of pleasure
Soon banish my pain.

Sweeter than roses, or cool ev'ning breeze,
On a warm flow'ry shore,
Was the dear kifs, first, trembl'ing, made
me freeze;
Then shot like fire all o'er;
What magick has victorious love!
For all I touch, or see,
Since that dear kifs, I hourly prove,
All, all is love to me!

For since my love, alas! is dead,
With these poor hands I'll carry him
Unto the early primrose bed,
And there in death I'll marry him;
While tender virgins sing our knell,
And bid a hapless pair farewell:
With a ding dong, ding dong;
Passing-bell!

Ye warbl'ing nightingales, repair
From ev'ry grove, to charm this air;
And, with the wonders of your breast,
Each striving to excel the rest,
When I have sigh'd my soul out, close your parts,
And drop down from the trees with broken
hearts!

Now is come the sprightly day,
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair;
Adorn'd with all the flow'rs of May,
Whose various sweets perfume the air.

Come, let us all a Maying go;
And lightly trip it to and fro.

I'll make a strawy garland,
I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roses, lillies, daiesies
I'll mix the eglantine:

And I'll present it to my love,
When I his bride shall be;
For I love my love, altho' I fear
He loves not me!

FINIS

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.]